TRIO.

Printed by Special Arrangement-Copyrighted 1833. "CRESSY."

BY BRET HARTE,

AUTHOR OF "THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP, "TALES OF THE ARGONAUTS," "IN THE CARQUINEY WOODS," "MARNJA," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

The conversation which Johnnie Filgee had overheard between Uncle Ben and the gorgeous stranger, although unintelligible to his infant mind, was fraught with some significance to the adult settlers of Indian Spring. The town itself, like most interior settlements, was originally a mining encampment, and as such its founders and settlers derived their possession of the soil under the mining laws that took precedence of all other titles. But although that title was held to be good even after the abandonment of their original occupation, and the establishment of shops, offices and dwellings on the site of the deserted places, the suburbs of the town and outlying districts were more precariously held

by squatters, under the presumption of their being public land open to preoccupation, or the settlement of school-land warrants upon them. Few of the squatters had taken the trouble to perfect even these easy titles, merely holding "possession" for agricultural or domiciliary purposes, and subject only to the invasion of "jumpers," a class of adventurers, who, in the abevance of recognized legal title, "jumped" or forcibly seized such portions of a squatter's domain as were not protected by lencing or superior force. It was, therefore, with some excitement that Indian Spring reseived the news that a Mexican grant of three square leagues, which covered the whole district, had been lately confirmed by the government, and that action would be taken to recover possession. It was understood that it would not affect the adverse possessions, held by the town under the mining laws, but it would compel the adjacent squatters, like McKinstry, Davis, Masters and Filgee, and jumpers, like the Harrisons, to buy the legal title or defend a slow but losing lawsnit. The holders of the grant-rich capitalists of San Francisco-were open to compromise to those in actual possession, and in the benefits of this compromise the unscrupulous "jumper," who had neither sown nor reaped, but simply dispossessed the squatter who had done both, shared equally with him.

A diversity of opinion as to the effect of the new claim naturally obtained: the older settlers still clung to their experiences of an easy aboriginal holding of the soil, and were skeptical both as to the validity and justice of these revised alien grants: but the newer arrivals hailed this certain tenure of legal titles as a guarantes to capital and an incentive to improvement. There was also a growing and influential party of Eastern and Northern men, who were not sorry to see a fruitful source of dissension and bloodshed removed. The fauds of the McKinstrys and Harrisons, kept alive over a boundary to which neither had any legal claim, would seem to bring them hereafter within the statute law regarding ordinary assaults without any ethical mystification. On the other hand, Mc-Kinstry and Harrison would each be able to arrange any compromise with the new title-holders for the lands they possessed, or make over that "actual possession" for a consideration. It was feared that both men, being naturally lawless, would unite to render any legal eviction a long and dangerous process, and that they would either be left undisturbed till the last, or would force a profitable concession. But a greater excitement followed when it was known that a section of the land had already been sold by the owners of the grant; this section exactly covered the debatable land of the McKinstry-Harrison boundaries, and that the new landlord would at once attempt its legal possession. The inspiration of genius that had thus effected a division of the Harrison-McKinstry combination at its one weak spot excited even the admiration of the skeptics. No one in Indian Spring knew its real author, for the suit was ostensibly laid in the name of a San Francisco banker. But the intelligent reader of Johnny Filgee's late experience during the celebration will have already recognized Uncle Ben as the man, and it becomes a part of this veracious chronicle at this moment to allow him to explain, not only his intentions, but the means by which he carried them out, in his own words.

It was one afternoon at the end of his usual solitary lesson, and the master and Uncle Ben were awaiting the arrival of Rupert. Unclo Ben's educational progress lately, through dist of slow tenacity, had somewhat improved, and We had just completed, from certain forms and examples in a book before him, a "Letter to a Consignee," informing him that he, Uncle Ben, had just shipped "2 owt. ivory elephant tusks, 80 peculs of rice and 400 bris prime mess pork from Indian Spring;" and another beginning "Honored Madam," and conveying in admirable artificial phraseology the "lamented decease" of the lady's husband from yellow fever, contracted on the Gold coast, and Uncle Ben was surveying his work with critical satisfaction when the master, somewhat impatiently, consulted his

watch. Uncle Ben looked up. "I oughter told ye that Rupe didn't kalkilate to come to-day." "Indeed-why not?"

"I reckon because I told him he needn't. I

allowed to-to hev' a little private talk with ye, Mr. Ford, if ye didn't mind. Mr. Ford's face did not shine with invitation. "Very well," he said, "only remember I have an engagement this afternoon." 'But that sin't until about sundown," said

Uncle Ben, quietly. "I won't keep ye ez long Mr. Ford glanced quickly at Uncle Ben, with a rising color. "What do you know of my engagements?" he said, sharply.

"Nothin', Mr. Ford," returned Uncle Ben, simply: "but hevin' bin layin' round, lookin' for re here and at the hotel for four or five days allus about that time and not findin' you, I rather kalkilated that you might hev' suthin' reg'lar on hand.'

There certainly was nothing in his face or manner to indicate the least evasion or deceit, or indicate anything but his usual naivete, perhaps a little perturbed and preoccapied by what be was going to say. "I had an idea of writin' you a letter," he continued, "kinder combinin' practice and confidential information, you know. l'o be square with you, Mr. Ford, in pint o' fact, I've got it here. But ez it don't seem to entirely ribe with the facts, and leaves a heap o' things onsaid and onseen, perhaps it's jest ez wall ez I read it to you myself-putten' in a word here and there, and explainin to gin rally. Do you

The master nodded, and Uncle Ben drew from his desk a rude portfolio made from the two covers of a dilapidated atlas, and took from cetween them a piece of blotting paper, which through inordinate application had acquired the color and consistency of a slate, and a few pages of copy-book paper, that to the casual plance looked like sheets of exceedingly difficult music. Surveying them with a blending of thirographic pride, orthographic doubt, and the bashful consciousness of a literary amateur; he traced each line with a forefinger inked to the second joint, and slowly read aloud as follows:

"Mr. Ford, Teacher: "'Dear Sir-Yours of the 12th ree'd and contents "I didn't," explained Uncle Ben. parenthet-"receive any letter of yours, but I thought I might heave in that beginning from copy for practice. The rest is me." 'In refference to my having munney," continued Uncle Ben, reading and pointing each word as he read, "And being able to buy Ditch Stocks

"One moment," said Mr. Ford, interrupting, "I thought you were going to leave, out copy. Come to what you have to say. But I hev-this is all real now. Hold on and you'll see," said Uncle Ben. He resumed with triumphant emphasis.

When it were gin'rally allowed that I haddent a red cent, I want to explain to you, Mister Ford, for the first time a secret. This here is how it was done: When I first came to Injian Spring, I settled down into the old Palmetto claim, near a heap of old taillings. Knowin' it were against the rools, and reg'lar Chinyman's bizess to work them, I diddn't let on to eny-boddy what I did—witch was to turn over some of the quarts what I thought was likely and Orrifferus. Doing tais I kem upon some pay ore which them Palmetto fellers had overlookt, or more likely had kaved in upon them from the oank onknown. Workin' at it in od times by and large, sometimes afore sunup and sometimes after sun-down, and all the time keeping up a day's work on the claim for a show to the boys, I emassed a honist fortune in two years of 50,000 dolers and still am. But it will be asked by the incredjulos Reeder, How did you never let out anything to Iujian Spring! and How did you get rid of your yeald! Mister Ford, the Anser is I took it twist a month on loss back over to La Port and sent it by express to a bank in Sacramento, givin' the name of Daubigny, witch no one in La Port took for me. The Ditch Stok and the Land was all took in the same name, hens the secret was onreviled to the General Eye-stop a minit'," he interrupted himself quickly as the master, in an accession of impatient scepticism, was about to break in upon him, "it ain't all." Then dropping his

Thus we see that pashent indurstry is Rewarded Spite of Mining Roots and Reggylashuns, and

roice to a tremulons and almost funereal climax, he

WYMAN INSTITU



Ded. 1 Con fuoco. Ded. Repeat from the beginning to FINE.

yet Emass that witch is far abov rubles and Fadith of your fevors I remain, "'Yours to command, "'BENJ. D'AUBIGNY."

The gloomy satisfaction with which Uncle Ben regarded this peroration—a satisfaction that actually appeared to be equal to the revela-

"Come," he said, impulsively taking the paper from Uncle Ben's reluctant hand, "how much of this is a concection of yours and Rupes-and how much is a true story? Do you really mean-1" "Hold on, Mr. Ford!" interrupted Uncle Ben, suddenly fumbling in the breast pocket of his

red shirt, "I reckoned on your being a little hard with me, remembering our first talk 'bout these things-so I allowed I'd bring some proof." Slowly extracting a long legal envelope from his pocket, he opened it, and drew out two or three the master.

"Ther's one hundred shares made out to Benj Daubigny. I'd hev brought you over the deed of the land, too, but ez it's rather hard to read off hand, on account of the law palaver, I've left it up at the shanty to tackle at odd times by way of practicing. But ef you like we'll go up thar, and I'll show it to you"

Still haunted by his belief in Uncle Ben's small duplicities, Mr. Ford hesitated. These were certainly bons fide certificates of stock made out to "Daubigny." But he had never actually accepted Uncle Ben's statement of his identity with that person, and now it was probable story. He looked at Uncle Ben's simple face slightly deepening in color under his scrutiny-perhaps with conscious guilt. "Have you made anybody your confident! Rupe, for instancel" he asked significantly.

"In course not," replied Uncle Ben, with a slight stiffening of wounded pride. 'On'y yourself, Mr. Ford, and the young feller Stacy from the bank-ez was obligated to know it. In fact, wos kalkilatin' to ask you to help me to talk to

him about that yer boundary land." Mr. Ford's skepticism was at last staggered. Any practical joke or foolish complicity between the agent of the bank and a man like Uncle Ben was out of the question, and if the story were his own sole invention, he would have scarcely dared to risk so accessible and uncompromising a denial as the agent had it in his power to give. He held out his hand to Uncle Ben. "Let me congratulate you," he said heartily, "and forgive me if your story really sounded so wonderful I couldn't quite grasp it. Now let me ask you something more. Have you had any reason for keeping this a secret, other than your fear of confessing that you violated a few bigoted and idiotic mining rules-which, after all, are binding only upon sentiment-and which your success has proved to be utterly impractical!"

"There was another reason, Mr. Ford," said Uncle Ben," wiping away an embarrassed smile with the back of his hand; "that is, to be square with you, why I thought of consulting you. didn't keer to have McKinstry, and," he added hurriedly, in course Harrison, too, know that ! bought up the title to thar boundary. understand," nodded the master.

shouldn't think you would. "Why shouldn't yel" asked Uncle Ben, "Well-I don't suppose you care to quarrel

with two passionate men.' Uncle Ben's face changed. Presently, however, with his hand to his face, he managed to manipulate another smile, only it appeared for the purpose of being as awkwardly wiped away. "Say one passionate man, Mr. Ford."

"Well, one if you like," returned the master, cheerfully. "But for the matter of that, why any? Come-do you mind telling me why you bought the land at all! You know it's of little value to any but Mckinstry and Harrison.' "Soppose," said Uncle Ben, slowly, with a great affectation of wiping his ink-spotted desk with his sleeve, "Soppose that I had got kinder tired of seein' McKinstry and Harrison allus fightin' and scrimmagin' over their boundary line. Soppose I galkilated that it warn't the

sert o' thing to induce folks to settle here. Soppose I reckoned that by gettin' the real title in my hands I'd have the dead-wood on both o' them, and settle the thing my own way, eh!" 'That certainly was a very laudable intention," returned Mr. Ford, observing Uncle Ben curiously, "and from what you said just now about one passionate man, I suppose you have determined already who to favor. I hope your public spirit will be appreciated by Indian

Spring at least-if it isn't by those two men." 'You lay low and keep dark and you'll see, returned his companion with a hopefulness of speech which his somewhat anxious eagerness however did not quite bear out. "But you're not goin' yet, surely," he added, as the master again abstractedly consulted his watch. "Its on'y half past 4. Its true thar ain't any more to tell," he added simply, "but I had an idea that you might her took to this yer little story of mine more than you pear to be, and might be Predgudisses agin Furrin Labor is played out and deeth like a shad-or contenueyeth not long in One Spot, and that a Man may apear to be off no Ascount and But p'raps it don't seem so wonderful to you got one agin me for leavin' her. And it's almost Indianapolis. jokes ez to what I was goin' to do-and all that. | get a devorce agin mother, so my wife could hev | foot of the column next year-Washington or

arter all. Come to think of it-squarely now," he said, with a singular despondency, "I'm rather sick of it myself-oh?" "My dear old boy," said Ford, grasping both his hands, with a swift revulsion of shame at

his own utterly selfish abstraction; "I am overjoyed at your good luck. More than that, I can say honestly, old fellow, that it couldn't have tion itself-only corroborated the master's indig- | fallen in more worthy hands, or to any one whose good fortune would have pleased me more. There! And if I've been slow and stupid in taking it in, it is because it's so wonderful, so like a fairy tale of virtue rewarded—as if you were a kind of male Cinderella, old man!" He had no intention of lying—he had no belief that he was. He had only forgotten that his pre-vious impressions and hesitations had arisen from the very fact that he did doubt the consistency of the story with his belief in Uncle Ben's weakness. But he thought himself now so sincere that the generous reader, who no doubt is always ready to hail the perfect equity crisp certificates of stock, and handed them to of his neighbor's good luck, will readily forgive

In the plenitude of this sincerity, Ford threw himself at full length on one of the long benches, and with a gesture invited Uncle Ben to make himself equally at his ease. "Come," he said, with boyish gaiety. "let's hear your plans, old man. To begin with, who's to share them with oul Of course, there are 'the old folks at home' first; then you have brothers—and per-haps sisters?" He stopped and glanced with a smile at Uncle Ben; the idea of there being a

possible female of his species struck his fancy. Uncle Ben, who had hitherto always exercised a severe restraint-partly from respect and school-house, here slowly lifted one leg over another bench, and sat himself astride of it, leaning forward on his elbow, his chin resting be-

tween his hands. "As far as the old folks goes, Mr. Ford, I'm a kind of an orpnan."

"A kind of orphan?" echoed Ford. "Yes," said Uncle Ben, leaning heavily on his chin, so that the action of his jaws with the enunciation of each word slightly jerked his head forward as if he were imparting confidential information to the bench before him. "Yes, that is, you see, I'm all right ez far as the old man goes-he's dead; died way back in Mizzouri. But ez to my mother. it's sorter betwixt and between-kinder unsartain. You see, Mr. Ford, she went off with a city feller-an entire stranger to me-afore the old man died, and that's wot broke up my schoolin'. Now, whether she's here, there, or you, can't be found out, though Squire Tompkins allowed-and he were a lawyer—that the old man could get a divorce if he wanted, and that, you see, would make me a whole orphan, of I keerd to prove title, ez the the lawyers say. Well—thut sorter let's the old folks out. Then my brother was one't drowned in the North Platt, and I never had any sisters. That don't leave much family for plannin' about -does it?"

"No," said the master, reflectively, gazing at Uncle Ben. "unless you avail yourself of your advantages now and have one of your own. I suppose now that you are rich, you'll marry. Uncle Ben slightly changed his position, and then, with his finger and thumb, began to apparently feed himself with certain crumbs which had escaped from the children's luncheon baskets and were stiff lying on the bench. Inteut on this occupation and without raising his eyes to the master, he returned slowly. "Well, you see, I'm sorter married already.

The master sat up quickly. "What, you married-now! "Well, perhaps that's a question. It's a good leal like my beein' an orphan-oncertain and onsettled." He paused to pursue an evasive crumb to the end of the bench and having captured it, went on, "It was when I was younger than you be, and she warn't very old neither. But she knew a heap more than I did; and ez to readin' and writin', she was thar, I tell you, every time. You'ld nev admired to see her, Mr. Ford." As he paused here as if he had exhaust-

ed the subject the master said impatiently, "Well, where is she now?" "Uncle Ben shook his head slowly. "I ain't seen her sens I left Mizzouri, goin' on five years "But why haven't you! What was the mat-

ter?" persisted the master. "Well-you see-I runned away. Not she, you know, but I-I scooted, skedaddled out here. "But what for?" asked the master, regarding Uncle Ben with hopeless wonder. "Something must have happened. What was it. Was

"She was a good schollard," said Uncle Ben gravely, "and allowed to be sech by all. She stood about so high," he continued, indicating with his hand a medium height; "war little and dark complected." "But you must have had some reason for leaving her!"

"I've sometimes had an idea," said Uncle Ben cautiously, "that mebbee runnin' away ran in some fam'lies. Now, there war my mother run off with an entire stranger, and yer's me ez run off by myself. And what makes it the more

an even-handed game that she hez. It's there were the oncertainty comes in." "But are you satisfied to remain in this doubt? or do you propose, now that you are able, to in-stitute a thorough search for her?"

Uncle Ben simply. "And return to her if you find her?" continued "I didn't say that, Mr. Ford." "But if she hasn't got a divorce from you that's what you'll have to do, and what you ought

"I was kalkilatin' to look around a little," said

to do-if I understand your story. For by your own showing, a more causeless, heartless, and utterly inexcusable desertion than yours, never heard of." "Do you think so?" said Uncle Ben with ex-

"Do I think so?" repeated Mr. Ford indignantly. "Everybody'll think so. They can't think otherwise. You say you deserted her, and you admit she did nothing to provoke it." "No," returned Uncle Ben quickly, "nothin'. Did I tell you, Mr. Ford, that she could play

the pianner and sing?" "No," said Mr. Ford curtly, rising impatiently and crossing the room. He was more than balf convinced that Uncle Ben was deceiving him. Either under the vein of his hide-bonnd simplicity he was an utterly selfish, heartless, secretive man, or else he was telling an idiotic

"I'm sorry I can neither congratulate you nor condole with you on what you have just told me. I cannot see that you have the least excuse for delaying a single mement to search for your wife, and make amends for your onduct. And if you want my opinion it strikes me as being a much more honorable way of employing your new riches than mediating in your neighbors' squabbles. But it's getting late, and I'm afraid we must bring our talk to an end. I hope you'll think this thing over before we meet again-and think differently.'

Nevertheless, as they both left the schoolhouse, Mr. Ford lingered over the locking of the door to give Uncle Ben a final chance for further explanation. But none came. The new capitalist of Indian Spring regarded him with an intensification of his usual half sad, half embarrassed smile, and only said: "You understand this yer's a secret, Mr. Ford!" "Certainly," said Ford, with ill-concealed ir-

"Bout my bein' sorter married?" "Don't be alarmed," he responded drily; "it's not a taking story. They separated, Uncle Ben, more than ever involved in his usual unsatisfactory purposes, wending his way toward his riches; the master lingering to observe his departure before he plunged in virtuous superiority into the woods that fringed the Harrison and McKinstry boun-

> TO BE CONTINUED. No Terror in the Guillotine.

Harper's Magazine. And yet it is evident that the guillotine was not at first a terror-inspiring object. One general of the revolutionary army had a guillotine engraved on his seal. The ladies of Tours wore guillotine ear-rings, and the "avenger of the people" danced with them at the proconsular bails. The guillotine was a la mode. Its inventor, Dr. Guillotin, in a speech before the National Assembly, on Dec. 1, 1789, had said: "With my machine I slice off your head in the twinkling of an oye, and you do not suffer.' People, it must be presumed, soon grew accustomed to the fatal machine, for it even entered the salons, and MM. de Goncourt relate in their "History of French Society During the Revolution": "In extremely good company at dessert, after supper, a little mahogany guillotine was placed on the table, and the ladies, acting the role of Sanson, placed under the knife dolls, whose heads were portraits of some enemy-Lameth. Robespierre, Bailly or Lafayette. The head was cut off and red fluid flowed from the neck; the doll was a bottle, and the blood some amber-colored liquer." Society, in its insouciance, treated as a toy the instrument which was soon to decimate its ranks. But, except in prints, the guillotine is not often represented. It is occasionally found on patriotic snuff-boxes, which themselves take the form of a Phrygian cap. There is one iron pike-head at the Carnavalet Museum on which is engraved an old-fashioned guillotine worked by a rope. On the knife is engraved a Phrygian cap, and the inscriptions above and below are "Ca ira" and "Vive la Republique." When the guillotine was first used the knife was held suspended by a rope, and at a given signal a soldier with averted eyes cut the rope with his sword. Afterward the working of the machine was improved and made more expeditious as its use became extended.

One of Harrison's Embarrassments. New York Press.

Not the least of President-elect Harrison's embarrassments will be the necessity to decide which base ball nine he wishes to repose at the NOVELTIES IN JEWELRY AND TABLE-WARE.

Jewelers' Review. A neat hair-pin is one topped with a small oxidized-silver revolver. A fac-simile of a ball of twine in bronze now does service as a paper weight.

Miniature bath slippers in variegated gold form cute little sleeve buttons. Something novel in brooches is a horse and rider of silver, encircled by a whip. Frosted silver tea bails have made their advent disguised as full-grown lemons. Colored glass is still in vogue, notwithstanding

the prevailing fashion for cut crystal. Link bracelets of oxidized silver and set with stones of different colors are much in vogue. Ear-rings in the form of polished gold anchors are becoming conspicuous by their appearance.

A match safe of peculiar design is an exact counterpart of a small cance in oxidized silver. Solid silver match boxes, in book form, that open at both ends are again coming into favor. A neat queen chain pendant for morning attire is a faceted jet ball encircled with a frail gold wire.

To eatch the holiday trade childrens' solid silver cups, with beautifully-engraved devices, are A brooch formed of a double Maltese cross,

set with half-pearls and a diamond star center

is something new. ished silver beads with a pear-shaped pearl suspended between each. The latest novelty in queen chain pendants is a tiny gold thimble with the name neatly en-

graved around the rim. There seems to be no end to whims in queen chain pendants. Now comes the peanut, in beaten gold, and of natural size. A relic of the campaign is a sleeve button of full gold upon which a liliputian which broom of

platinum stands out in bold relief. Beautiful but costly are the new brightlyolished gold lockets decorated with a raised enamel star and solitaire diamond center. The hollow-ball queen chain pendant com-

posed entirely of small blue enamel forget-menots, has lost none of its great popularity. The finny tribe now have their counterfeit in small oxidized-silver match-boxes, the latest to appear being in the form of a miniature trout. Dainty teas and after-dinner coffees in the serrated ribbing of the cactus have made their appearance. They are much stronger than

they appear to be. by reason of their peculiar form, and are, withal, extremely pretty. The bone dish has become so much a part of regular table service that the best lines of sets are made up with this useful article included. They come in sets of dozens and eighteen, in varied designs and are easily added to any serv-

ice that may be in use. Bone china, by which term is meant china that is composed in part of phosphate of lime, produced by the calcination of bones, is the most delicate of all the finer porcelain. It is easily distinguished by the creamy translucency and velvety glaze. Another characteristic is the beautiful effect of colors on the mellow glaze, a property not possessed by any of the other percelains in a similar grade.

The Use of Water at and Before Meals.

Opinions differ as to the effect of the free gestion of water at meal times, but the view generally received is probably that it dilutes the gastric juice and so retards digestion. Apart from the fact that a moderate delay in the pro-cess is by no means a disadvantage, as Sir William Roberts has shown in his explanation of the popularity of the tea and coffee, it's more than doubtful whether any such effect is in reality produced. When ingested during meals. water may do good by washing out the digested food and by exposing the undigested part more thoroughly to the action of the digested ferments. Pensin is a catalyptic body, and a given quantity will work almost indefinitely, provided the peptomes are removed as they are formed. The good effects of water drunk freely before meals have, however, another beneficial resultit washes away the mucus which is secreted by the mucous membrane during the intervals of repose and favors peristalsis of the whole alimentary tract. The membrane thus cleansed is in a much better condition to receive food and convert it into soluble compounds. The accumulation of mucus is specially marked in the morning, when the gastric walls are covered with a thick tenacious layer. Food entering the stomach at this time will become covered with this tenacious coating, which, for a time, protects it from the action of the gastric ferments, and so retards digestion. The viscid contents, a normal condition in the morning bethe circulation of the blood vessels. A glass of I them the world's wenders in mechanical skill

water washes out the mucus, partially distends the stomach, wakes up peristalsis and prepares the alimentary canal for the morning meal, Observation has shown that non-irritating liquids pass directly through the "tubular" stomach, and even if food be present they only mix with

AGABIAN BABIES.

it to a slight extent.

How They Are Tortured-A Hair-Shaving Period of Interest to Them.

Memoirs of an Arabian Princess. Life has exceptional difficulties for the babies of sufficiently high rank to be brought up according to all the ancient customs of their race. A royal baby's first toilet, in Arabia, consists in winding a bandage about its body, after it has been bathed and perfumed. The little creature is then placed on its back, its arms and feet are straightened, and the entire body is swathed to the shoulders. In this position it remains motionless for forty days, but the bandages are removed twice a day that the child may have a bath. The Arabs believe that this process will make the body straight for life. Under such circumstances, it seems fortunate that babyhood is not a period which can be remembered in after years, for nobody would choose to suffer such days of misery again, even in reco lection. If the child be a girl, on the seventh day after her birth, holes, usually six in number, are pricked in her ears, and when she is two to them, to be worn throughout her lifetime, except during periods of mourning for rela

On the fortieth day the baby's head shaved-a ceremony which could scarcely be performed in our country, where thick hair is usually of a later growth. This operation is considered a very important one, and thirty or forty persons are witnesses of it. for the performance of certain rites. The disposal of the first hair is regarded as a very weighty matter; it must not be burned por carelessly thrown away, but buried, thrown into the sea, or hidden in some crevice of a wall. This fortieth day marks a turning point in the child's life. Heretofore it has only been seen by the parents, the slaves on duty and a few intimate friends of the family; now, however, it may be seen by anybody, and is regarded as fairly launched on the tide of existence. Several charms, are attached to its body for protection against the "evil eye," boys wearing them to a certain age, and girls still longer. The favorite charm consists of a gold or silver locket, worn on a chain.

A South American Sketch. Maranham is one of the has beens. All the people are dead, but they don't know it. Grass is growing in the streets, and the place is slowly but surely dying. There is very little business, and the one excitement in the month is the arrival of the American mail steamship. Almost every building is a church or numbery, and priests are everywhere. We first make call on his tan-colored Majestv. the President, and then start out to explore this new and strange city. Within two years a horse-car railway has been introduced here, probably by some enterprising Yankee. The cars are open and similar to our own summer cars in Boston, though much smaller. They are drawn by little bits of donkeys, whose tremendous ears seem the biggest part of them. The conductor stands on the end of the car and blows a great brass horn on curves and corners. Occasionally a pair of black eyes can be seen peeping through the bars of a window; we raise

our hats and they are quickly withdrawn-look again and there they are. On the seat in front of us sits a matronly lady of perhaps forty-five years, very richly dressed, beside her a young lady of twenty years. The latter is altogether charming-with rich black hair and speaking eyes. But what is this? Quickly turning in her seat she extends a jeweled hand, and in broken Spanish politely requests my eigar to light her dainty eigaretts. "Great Scott!" I mutter, as I hastily pass over the required light. She hands it back, and, as I gaze upon it, wonder if I had not better keep it as a memento of dull old Maranham.

Wonderful Work of Ancient Masons.

London Budget. The old Egyptians were better builders than those of the present day. There are blocks of stones in the pyramids which weigh three or four times as much as the obelisk on the London embankment. There is one stone, the weight of which is estimated at 880 tons. There are stones thirty feet in length which fit so closely together that a penknife may be run over the surface without discovering the break between them. They are not laid with mortar either. We have no machinery so perfect that it will make two surfaces thirty feet in length which will meet together as these stones in the pyramids meet. It is supposed that they were fore breakfast, is not suitable to receive food. | rubbed backward and forward upon each other Exercise before partaking of a meal stimulates until the surfaces were assimilated, making former symptoms, and the remainder had be the circulation of the blood vessels. A class of them the world's wenders in machanical ability

STAGE TEARS.

Fanny Davenport Sheds Real T

Feels No Actual 6: Philadelphia Times. Of course, I shed real tears on the stage. So do other actresses. But they are by no means any indication of real feeling, and do not possess the significance they have in real life. Occasionally my sympathy with the character I

am playing has been so keen that my eyes have filled with tears and I have been unable to re-strain them. But this should not be so, and it is not commonly the case with me. The shadof Eastern nations, especially for those who are | ding of tears with an actress is simply a matter of art. I know two prominent actresses who can turn or the waterfall at a mement's notice, and, of course, impress their audiences through the operation. Bernhardt, I know, has a habit, in her most tragic scenes, where she is sobbing until her whole form shakes cunvulsively, of guying people who stand in the wings and of making funny side remarks for their benefit and indulging in grotesque grimaces which would do credit to a low comedian. For the effective simulation of grief, however,

much prefer sobs to tears. An audience can hear you sob, but it cannot see you weep. On this question I agree with Raohel, whom I consider the greatest tragic actress who ever tred the stage. Her sobs had a wonderful effect upon her audiences. She used to say that it had taken five years' constant study to reach perfection in this line and to get the sobs so that they thoroughly suited her. She could crescende and diminuendo these demonstrations of grief with all the power of a piano virtuese over the As I have said, I am occasionally carried away

through the force of my imagination, so that am in the keenest sympathy with the sufferings of the character I portray, and am for a brief period of time, perhaps, actually the character, But, as a general thing, I am entirely mistress of myself. I do not believe it is a possible thing to feel actually the same as the person whose feelings you are depicting. Take my experience as "La Tosca" for an illustration. In the fourth act I murder a man. Is it to be supposed for one moment that I have the same emotions the woman had who actually committed th crime! How can Il I never murdered a me Yet I believe it is perfectly possible for t through the devices of stage art, to set clos before an ; udience a picture of the mingled ; motse and terror which overtakes the wom who has done the deed. To demonstrate how absurd this the

that a player is actually possessed with emotions of the character he or she is enact consider for a moment how it is possible for player to appear in the same part night at night for forty-two weeks and be wrung w anguish for the two or three hundred times th made necessary. To attempt this one wor die of mental exhaustion before half the sea was over. It is true that there are parts "La Tosca" where I am so wrought upon by t dramatic situations that my hands shake an grow cold and rigid, but this is essentially phy cal not mental or emotional. I have come the stage after one of these scenes trem and weak, but there was no depression of spiri such as would have resulted from my through such emotions in life. If I had eve felt as "La Tosca" must have done at the end the fourth act, I should not have been able

The Right to Wear Hats to Theaters.

A man who kept his bat on in a Brookl theater was ejected, and he has brought a su for damages. He takes the ground that me have the same right to wear their hats in pub buildings as women. Public opinion will not be with him. It is a gracious custom which de crees that men shall uncover the head in the presence of the other sex, and the men whe comply with it are benefited as much as are the women to whom deference is paid. But why should not women reciprocate the attention thus received by them, by uncovering their own heads, when they can do not alone an act of courtesy but an act of kindness in it! Men show respect to women in removing their hate in their presence, but there are women who will keep on their hats an entire evening, when by so doing they needlessiy and selfishly prevent men from the enjoyment of that which it is re-

ally their right to see with unobstructed vision Boys and Tobacco.

In an experimental observation of thirty-eight boys of all classes of society, and of average health, who had been using tobacco for period ranging from two months to two years, twenty seven showed severe injury to the const and insufficient growth; thirty-two showed t existence of irregularity of the heart's act disordered stomachs, cough, and a craving alcohol; thirteen had intermittency of the pr and one had consumption. After the abandoned the use of tobacco, within air month's time one-half were free from all to